THE BLAST

LYDIA GIBSON

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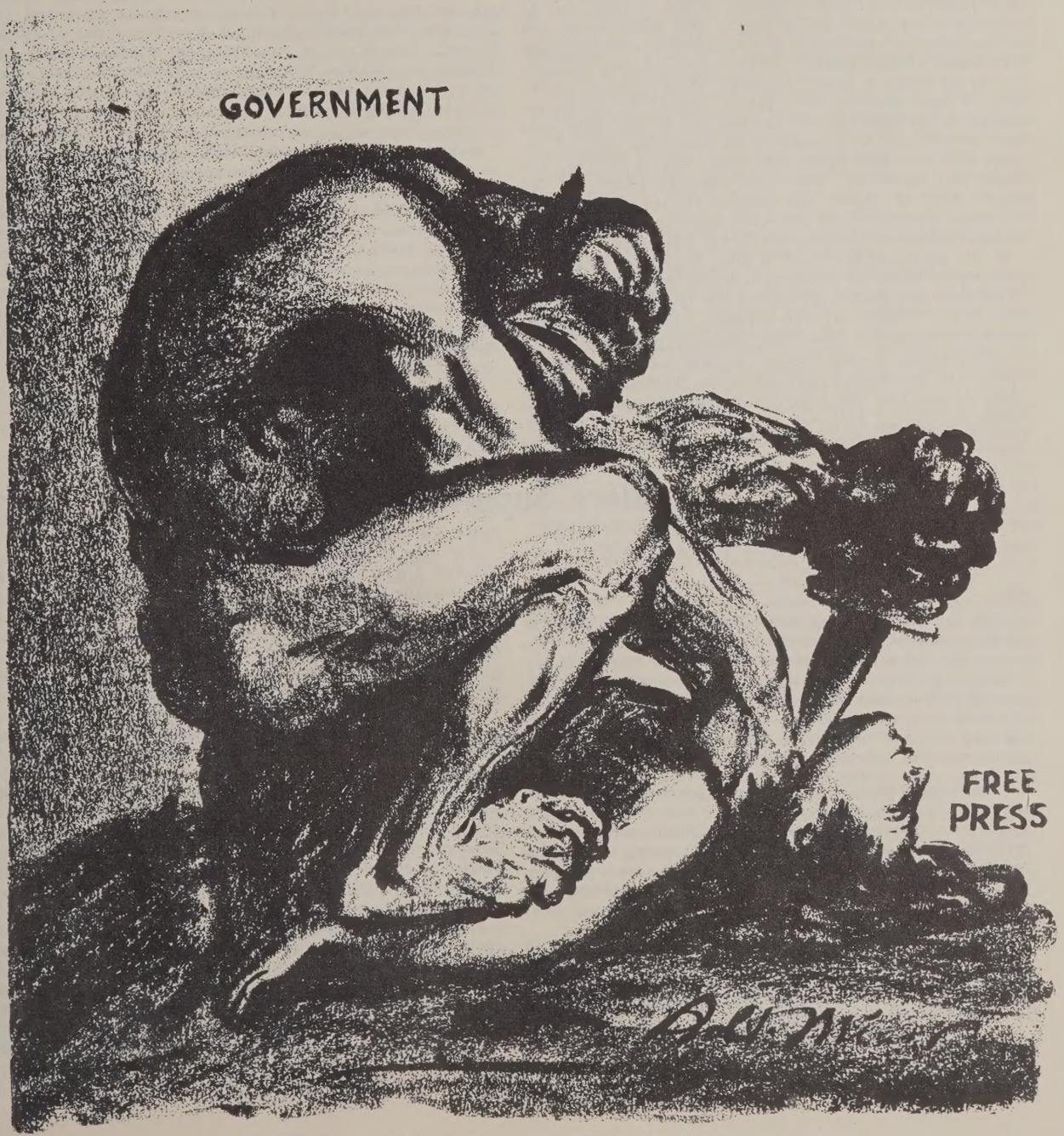

YOU AND I CANNOT LIVE IN THE SAME LAND

Freedom Only to Be Conquered

PROF. J. B. BURY has written for the Home University Library series, Henry Holt & Company, publishers, a condensed "History of the Freedom of Thought." He arraigns the Church as the chief offender. Not just the Roman Catholic Church. From its larger place in history it naturally has the larger share of the undesirable record. But he shows that the Church in power was always the foe of Free Thought, be the Church Roman Catholic, Greek Catholic or Protestant; because of the alliance of Church and State much of the political tyranny against Free Thought rests with the Church also. He points out that Freedom of Thought is useless without Freedom of Speech. The author seems to think that in England at least Freedom of Speech exists. We doubt it. We doubt if ever speech will be free to harmfully assail those in power or the conventional ignorances and idols of society. A few "cranks" may be permitted to air themselves, so long as they are harmless; but let the agitators once begin to foreshadow a revolution, and Free Speech will end quickly. In this country it does not exist, even to the degree it does in England. There is scarcely a city where a man must not get leave in advance to address the populace in the open places of the city and he must show what he intends to say. If agreeable to the authorities, yes. If contrary, no. Such Free Speech has always existed. A Soap Box Orator may harangue a crowd and block all traffic on "Old Glory" Soap or Patent Medicines, or for the Democratic or Republican parties, or for the soul's salvation. These are all harmless delusions. But let your Soap Box Orator speak on I. W. W., Socialism, Anarchism or other subject not expressly a crime on the books, yet obnoxious to the government (city, state or national) and see how quickly he will be hustled to jail and clubbed for "Obstructing the Streets," "Using Profane and Obscene Language," or some other trumped-up charge.

At Portland, Oregon, Emma Goldman was not long ago notified by the Mayor's secretary, a Mr. Warren, through the Chief of Police, that "she would not be permitted to speak *on any subject whatever*." That. too, in a hall hired for her lectures. The City Attorney advised a modification of this ukase, but the practical effect was the same. She was arrested when she began to speak on the Russian Dramatists and her meeting was broken up. The pretext for this was that at a meeting a few evenings before some circulars had been distributed. She was held in excessive bail, five hundred dollars (it was by this time nine o'clock at night) and promptly fined next day two hundred and fifty dollars. But on appeal the whole case was contemptuously thrown out of court with a scoring of the police methods. Such results on appeal are, however, rare. Usually the fine is set just below the appealable amount, or the court says we cannot on appeal try the facts, "Whether the street was obstructed or not, etc." So paper constitutional guarantees of Free Speech are just paper, nothing more. There is no such thing as true Free Speech, or true freedom of the press in the United States. Within the last two months the Federal government suppressed the following rebel voices: *Revolt*, of New York; *The Alarm*, of Chicago; THE BLAST, of San Francisco; *Regeneracion*, of Los Angeles, and the New York Spanish publication, *Voluntad*. And yet people speak of our "constitutionally guaranteed" freedom of speech and of the press!

True freedom secures to the advocate of unpopular and "dangerous theories" the same right to speak and print them as if they were popular theories approved by the Puritans or the Plutocracy. The truth is, freedom for each generation exists in the blood of the people and if it be not there, written constitutions cannot establish it. The people of this country are satisfied. A few are satisfied to rule and exploit the masses, and the masses are as yet satisfied to be ruled and exploited. The many still place the old Jew myths above science. The ignorance and superstitions of the Jews of some four or five thousand years ago or more are the "Word of God" and man's aspiring to the throne of Reason is blasphemy. Man's aspiring to be his own sovereign is rebellion.

THE BLAST will put up what fight it can for freedom, while it survives; but it does not expect any substantial backing, because the oppressed are indifferent. If the oppressed don't care, who should?

More Suppression

Washington, June 6, 1916.

Mr. Alexander Berkman, Publisher, THE BLAST, Box 661, San Francisco, California.

Sir:

You are hereby notified that, in accordance with the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1901 (ch. 851, 31 Stat. L., 1107), you will be granted a hearing at the office of the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Washington, D. C., at 2 p. m., on Tuesday, June 27, 1916, to show cause why the authorization of admission of THE BLAST to the second class of mail matter under the Act of March 3, 1879 (ch. 180, sec. 14, 1 Supp., 246), should not be revoked, upon the following ground:

The publication is not a "newspaper or other periodical publication" within the meaning of the law, Act of March 3, 1879, governing second-class mail matter, and, furthermore, it is not regularly issued at stated intervals as a newspaper or other periodical publication within the meaning of the law. Moreover, it is in conflict with the provisions of the law embodied in section 480, Postal Laws and Regulations.

Your appearance at the hearing may be in person or by representative. In any event, your answer must be in writing. It should be submitted on or before June 27, 1916, and will be given the same consideration as though you appeared in person or by representative. Respectfully,

A. M. KELLY,
Third Assistant Postmaster-General.

Third Assistant Postmaster-General: June 21, 1916.

In reply to your communication of the 6th inst. (C. D. No. 172,588), I want to inform you that it is impossible for me to be personally present at the hearing at your office on the 27th, nor do I care to have a representative there. I hereby present my reasons why the admission of THE BLAST to the second class of mail matter should not be revoked.

My chief reason is that such revocation would be tantamount to the actual suppression of THE BLAST, and nothing short of a crime against the freedom of the press.

You are an employe of the Federal Government. Your salary is drawn from funds supplied by the taxpayers. You are supposed to *serve* the people in connection with their postal facilities. But the tragedy of your situation—as that of all other employes of the government—is that, instead of being the servant of the public, you—by virtue of your office—automatically become a cog of the governmental machinery, wherein your integrity as a man, an independent and thinking being, becomes subservient to the ends of government, whatever those ends may happen to be in a given case.

In the present case your communication to me is prompted by the attempt of the government to commit one of the greatest crimes against the people whom you are sworn to serve: The suppression of free press. Personally, you probably realize that all progress depends on the liberty of expression, and that the unpopular voice should be respected. As part of the governmental machinery, however, you yourself, whatever your views

and feelings in the matter, are made the very instrument of the suppression of free press, though you are specially paid by the people to *further* the means of their inter-communication.

Concerning the points specified in your form letter of the 6th inst., let me inform you that THE BLAST *is* a newspaper, if by the term is meant a paper publishing news and information in the field of its particular choice. Your statement that THE BLAST "is not regularly issued at stated intervals" is entirely without foundation. Your assumption is probably due to the fact that copies of THE BLAST do not regularly reach the Postoffice. But that is the fault of the Postoffice, not mine, since the postal authorities of San Francisco, on orders from Washington, have refused to accept copies of THE BLAST for transmission. Nevertheless, THE BLAST is published regularly, at stated intervals, and regularly supplied to our agents throughout the country, by express, as you will see from the enclosed issues of the paper.

THE BLAST was first issued as a *weekly* publication on January 15, 1916, and second-class mail matter applied for and granted. Then THE BLAST was changed from a weekly to a semi-monthly publication. Your office was informed accordingly, whereupon you reyoked the second-class mail of the *weekly* BLAST and granted second-class mail to the *semi-monthly* BLAST. At all times since its inception, THE BLAST has appeared regularly, at stated intervals, first as a weekly, then as a semi-monthly.

Thus you will see that there is absolutely no reason why the second-class mail of THE BLAST should be revoked. If it is done, nevertheless, it will be because some one in Washington is determined to *suppress* the unpopular voice of THE BLAST. Personally, I do not care what the government will do in this case. I know that government means oppression and tyranny. But for *your* sake, I hope that you will refuse to be a willess cog in this machinery of suppression.

(Signed) ALEXANDER BERKMAN,
Editor THE BLAST, San Francisco.

Do You Want This?

This is not art, not "description"; it is the thing itself. Has any one seen anything more vivid, more ingenuously brutal, than this private letter from a wounded British soldier to a friend in Chicago, and printed, with the latter's permission, by *The Public?*

"I am all in. I am in a hospital in England. I am sorry to say I am deaf and dumb through shock and wounds. I have been on the armored cars during the last five months. I was a motorcycle dispatch rider and armored car driver. I was driving a 60-horsepower armored car. I could not drive my car through the dead bodies fast enough. The bodies of horses and men were so thick that it was impossible to get through. All at once a 50-pound shell hit my armored car and blew us up in the air. When they got me from underneath the wrecked car I was deaf and dumb, with my ribs crushed and spine hurt. That was a month ago. The three other men that fired the Maxim guns inside the car were blown to bits. It was an awful sight on the battlefield. Sometimes I would open wide my car and drive into a regiment of Germans at about fifty miles an hour. The car weighs four tons with three Maxim guns, three men besides myself and ten thousand rounds of bullets inside. And when I would take a mad drive through a regiment I could kill about 50 or 100 every time. After making a dash for it, my wheels and radiator would be full of blood and legs and arms when I got back to the base. Then I would have to get all flesh and bones from my wheels. It has nearly made my hair white. I am tired of killing people. It is on my nerves. If you had seen me this summer up to the eyes in blood! One might as well be in hell as in a charge. We had to stand face to face and batter each other's brains out. I have had my bayonet through fellows' bodies. I have been so weak that I could hardly pull it out again. When you are like that you don't care what becomes of you. I only wish I were with you now. The battlefield is like Hell. The sky is lit up all night by torch lights and shells. We have fist fights and bayonet fights. We are killing one another any way we can. I am so weak now I cannot write any more this time."

A Plea for Preparedness

ISSUED BY THE PACIFIC COAST BUSINESS MEN'S PREPAREDNESS LEAGUE

Adequate Troops Needed to Deal With Domestic Strife and to Suppress Probable Labor Uprisings

IN the general apprehension for greater Preparedness to cope with foreign nations it is believed that a necessity fully as grave and serious is being overlooked or at least greatly minimized; and that is the need for an adequate military establishment to act as a civil police force.

The "Post-Intelligencer" for May 22nd quoted ex-President Taft in his address before the League to Enforce Peace as saying "We need a police force at home." In fact Mr. Taft has heretofore affirmed the need for greater preparedness for riots and internal disturbances. Bulletins of Manufacturers and Employers' Associations in the East, notably in New Jersey, which has been the scene of so many acute labor disturbances, have urgently treated of this need, but they have been given scant hearing outside the councils of business men themselves.

In the hearings before the Industrial Relations Commission at Seattle, a representative business man, Mr. J. V. Patterson, addressing the labor members on the Commission with great courage stated, "We will fight you. We will rise with a counter revolution; we certainly have the power. We will destroy you. Let us have no more class legislation, or we will have it repealed with bayonets; we will do it, no doubt about that."

Due to lack of sufficient militia, business men in the United States have frequently been placed under the undue burden of having to engage and pay for the services of men recruited privately and to have them commissioned as deputies by the civil authorities. In the nature of things these private forces are without efficient military training as at Youngstown, Ohio, in Pennsylvania and elsewhere. In the single month of October, in 1913, the meagre military forces of four separate states were required in the field against labor; in Calumet, Michigan, in Indianapolis and in Colorado and West Virginia.

Certainly no intelligent person can oppose "Preparedness" when he reflects upon what may happen in the event of a general strike of the two million railroad workers of the country to gain the eight-hour workday, and which is even now threatened. It must be remembered that the Federal troops were required to suppress the strike of the American Railway Union which was an effort in precisely the same direction, and under the leadership of Eugene V. Debs. That disturbance, it will not be forgotten, was largely local in character when now it would be widespread and in the nature of a general rebellion against the business and transportation interests of the whole country.

In view of these facts we urge all business men, whether affiliated with this league or not, to spare no effort to further the idea of preparedness; and it is doubly important that all employers take advantage of this opportune time to solicit personally their loyal and dependable employes to join the militia of their several states.

In this entire matter business men should be sensible of the advantages to be had from military training in point of greater discipline and efficiency of the work people for their ordinary civil employment. Every employe returning from training camp or militia drill will forthwith show himself more obedient and faithful, and the trouble-maker will disappear.

PACIFIC COAST BUSINESS MEN'S PREPAREDNESS LEAGUE

THE BLAST

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Reflections

Re-election by Murder

WHY not speak as honestly and frankly of men in high places as of the street sweeper? If the latter kill a man because of greed or selfishness, we call him a murderer. And if he send thousands of men to certain death, is he not a willful, cold-blooded monster?

This is what Woodrow Wilson is about to do. I cannot conceive of any more heinous crime than war with Mexico. The President has solemnly assured the country on numerous occasions that under no circumstances would there be any intervention in Mexico. Later on, however, armed forces were dispatched across the border to hunt Villa. Still the honest Woodrow kept telling us that we were at peace with Mexico, though American soldiers and Texas rangers were shooting every peon in sight. At the present moment a quarter of a million soldiers are held in readiness to invade our sister Republic.

There is no disguising the purpose of the administration. It is safe to say that if Roosevelt had not double crossed his Progressive flock, and had headed a third Presidential ticket, we would not now be on the verge of war with Mexico. The American troops, having vainly chased Villa for months, would gradually be withdrawn, and the people of Mexico freed from the sight of the deservedly hated American uniform. Not that Wall street has not all along been trying to force American intervention. But Wilson knew that the people of this country were not enthusiastic over such an undertaking for the benefit of the Hearsts, the Guggenheims and the rest of the land-grabbing canaille. And Wilson certainly keeps his ear to the ground.

But the flip-flop of Roosevelt changed the situation. Most of the Progressive political strength will now go to Hughes. That almost certainly means the defeat of Wilson in the coming Presidential election.

How to keep himself in the saddle? This is what s worrying Wilson. Of course, he had solemnly promised not to seek a second term. So did Roosevelt before him. But what are pre-election promises to a politician? The sole ambition of Wilson now is to be re-elected. His *only* chance is to embroil the United States in war—with some country. Mexico is revolution torn, weak and exhausted—it offers an easy mark, Wilson believes (though he may find her a tough customer before long). Besides, war with Mexico will secure for Wilson the support of Wall street. He will become a war President, and his re-election is sure; it will give him this, the strongest appeal to the people: Don't swap horses while crossing a stream

Thus we must be forced into war with Mexico and thousands of lives sacrificed to the ambition of Wilson for re-election.

What would we call the street sweeper if he murdered a man for a selfish purpose? And if he caused thousands to be slaughtered to further personal ambition?

A murderer, an inhuman monster.

Cowardice on Parade

IT IS an open secret that great numbers of those that marched in the Preparedness parades in the various cities were forced to do so by the fear of losing their job. In many cases employes were actually ordered to march on threat of being discharged for refusal. In the light of these facts, the number of paraders can by no means be taken to indicate popular approval of Preparedness.

It is sad, however, to contemplate to what extent American manhood and womanhood has degenerated. There was a time when the average American prided himself on his independence and sovereignty. Outside of the shop or factory he felt himself as good as the next man. Economically dependent, he was at least the master of his ideas and thoughts. Away from his place of work, his home was his castle and he its sovereign.

Today the average American does not dare call his soul his own. He is afraid to voice his innermost thought or feeling, for fear of "getting in bad." He marches in Preparedness parades because he is afraid to lose a half-day's pay. With thousands of others he helps to swell the number of paraders for fear of losing his job.

It is this submissiveness, this acquiescence that strengthens the hand of the enemy and lends him courage to ever greater invasion. This servile spirit is undermining the last bulwarks of our life. Obedience, submission, has become the keynote of our existence.

There are thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of men and women in this country who have seen through the meshes of our social fabric and recognized it, in the words of Ibsen, as machine made. Thousands whose understanding and experience have unmasked to them our life as a network of hypocrisy, sham and lies. Thousands that are filled with hatred of tyranny and exploitation, and whose very souls are sick of the composite lie called modern life. Thousands, aye, millions passionately opposed to child slavery, the mutilation of women in factories, the slow murder of men in the mills. Hundreds of thousands are opposed to murder in uniform, to the slaughter on battle field or picket line, to the crime and disease rampant in sweatshop and tenement. Thousands and thousands are sick of the false values that dominate our lives from cradle to grave, poisoning the sunshine and joy of our being.

And yet—where are they? Most of them marching in the parade of false values, keeping step to the drum beats of sham gods, while their hearts are bleeding with the misery and cowardice of it all.

O for the spark of courage to ignite the smoldering tinder of discontent that shall burn away the tinsel of seeming necessity and fire mankind with the elemental passion to life and joy!

Armor Plate Patriots

THE greatest American patriot is the Armor Plate Ring. It is this Ring which is the prime mover back of the militarist campaign, with its newspaper publicity, forced parades and presidential Preparedness issues. The Ring consists of the Midvale, Carnegie and Bethlehem companies. It is strenuously opposing the plan to build a government owned armor plate plant. Its president, Chas. M. Schwab, is now publishing paid bulletins in the Eastern press for the purpose of impressing it upon the people that "there is no occasion to waste $11,000,000 in building a government armor plant."

Why does the Armor Plate Ring so passionately object to a government owned armor plant?

Here is the reason.

During the last twenty years, the Federal government has bought from the Ring 233,339 tons of armor, paying for it an average of $439 a ton, or a total of $102,504,292, besides millions for other war materials. The average estimate of government officials for armor plate manufactured in a government plant, including all overhead charges, is $250 a ton, without blowholes.

No wonder Schwab & Co. think that it is "unfair" to deprive them of their armor plate monopoly. No wonder also that Schwab and his confreres are the founders and supporters of the Navy League that demands more armor-plated warships for Uncle Sam.

In our estimation it is immaterial whether the armor plate for American murder machines is made by a private monopoly, a government monopoly or in a competitive market. At best, it is a difference of mere dollars. The more important issue involved is, shall we invest in more murder machines? In this the government, the Armor Plate Ring, the powder trust and the whole brood of munition manufacturers are at one. It is merely a question of who shall reap the graft.

The Opportunity of Labor

THE San Francisco Labor Council at a recent meeting decided with a large majority against Preparedness. The splendid arguments given at the session by some of the labor representatives prove that the more intelligent workers already discern the menace of militarism back of the soft words of the Pacific Coast Defense League. The latter organization, represented in the Council by Andrew Gallagher, Supervisor and alleged labor man, was scored as a branch of the Navy League, the mouthpiece of Rockefeller, Morgan and Schwab.

The Council, representing numerous labor bodies of San Francisco, is to be congratulated on its intelligent and manly stand. The case of Labor vs. Preparedness was put splendidly by Scharrenberg, Ernst and Schulberg, with the result that the Council officially went on record as opposed to Preparedness. There is no doubt that this action will encourage thousands of workers throughout the country to take a similar stand.

There are indications that labor bodies in various industrial centers are about to register a like attitude. We suggest that the San Francisco Labor Council immediately organize a country-wide Anti-Preparedness campaign, soliciting the co-operation of local and central labor bodies in the United States and Canada, and thus crystallize and co-ordinate the only real force that can adequately cope with the menace created and subsidized by Morgan & Co.

Hail to the Magons!

WE LIVE in a civilization in which the noblest and best of men are looked upon as criminals. We admire and glorify the reversal to the primitive, the Hun man that cold-bloodedly orders large masses of men to certain death—and then boasts of his infamy. We shower him with praise and emoluments, pin medals on his breast, and proclaim him a great hero.

But the man of the higher type is scorned and condemned. He who looks upon all men as brothers, to be loved and helped instead of murdered; he in whose heart and mind is reflected the pain and sorrow of mankind and whose sensitive psychology intensifies to him the injustice and brutality suffered by his fellow-men—*he* is calumnied, misunderstood and persecuted.

Such men are Ricardo and Enrique Flores Magon. They are the scorned of the world, the "criminals" of today, whom tomorrow will acclaim as the pioneers of a better life.

The brute man sits in judgment over them and dooms them to prison life, there to expiate their love of fellow-men. Ricardo and Enrique have been sentenced to one and three years, respectively, and fined $1000 each. Could injustice be greater, more crying to heaven? The Beast of Greed sits enthroned on human corpses and leers at the effort to dislodge it from its vampire seat. Leers and victimizes every one within the reach of its octopus tentacles, and poisons the minds of men to call the Jungle Beast blessed and take up arms in its defense. And those who cry out against the monstrous crime, those who sacrifice life and liberty to shake off the nightmare of man—for them the prison and the scaffold.

Thus the Brothers Magon are immured behind iron bars, and the spirit of manhood crushed. And the tool of the Beast, sitting in judgment, pronounces solemn sentence: "The duty of the State is to protect itself against the disturbers of its security. The Magons are criminals, their crime equal to treason."

Aye, treason against the bloodthirsty Moloch that lives on the flesh and blood of widows and children. Treason against the State, the destroyer of man, the enemy of life. May this treason grow and multiply, and disturbers of the security of the State arise in even greater numbers from the persecuted spirit of the Magons, till the arch-fiend, the State, is no more; till the very memory of Judge Trippett and his lackeys is lost in oblivion, and the Magons, traitors to the State, are hailed as the emancipators of man.

The Birth Control Fight

THE latest development in the Birth Control campaign in New York City is the arrest of Bolton Hall, of the Free Speech League, and Mrs. Ida Rauh Eastman, author and sculptress, wife of Max Eastman, editor of *The Masses*. Both Mr. Hall and Mrs. Eastman are charged with circulating pamphlets on contraception at a meeting held in Union Square, New York City, May 20th, to protest against the imprisonment of Dr. Ben L. Reitman, who is serving a sentence of sixty days for a similar "crime." The list of victims of this antiquated law and disgusting injustice now stands: Margaret Sanger, William Sanger, Emma Goldman, Ben Reitman, Ida Rauh Eastman, Bolton Hall and Joseph Macario of San Francisco. Mrs. Rose Pastor Stokes has *dared* the police to arrest her, but she is still at liberty. Leonard Abbott is as yet unarrested, and there are others. But no man knoweth what a day may bring forth.

Nor is the fight limited to New York. In Portland, Oregon, three men were arrested at a recent meeting of Margaret Sanger for circulating printed information on Birth Control. This movement has assumed national proportions, and now it is a question of whether the people shall have access to the knowledge they demand or whether the authorities will continue to execute a law that has generally fallen into disrepute. The end is not hard to foresee. In this case, as in numerous others, history will repeat itself. The law will be ignored and defied with increasing frequency till general sentiment will compel its repeal. What is a crime today will be an accepted and approved fact tomorrow. Meanwhile the Moloch of Law will demand its human sacrifices—the martyrs that strew the road of progress.

Law has ever been the enemy of human welfare.

The Sacred Rag

BOUCK WHITE, the pastor of the Church of the Social Revolution, and author of "The Call of the Carpenter," is in prison in New York for having circulated a cartoon in which the American flag was represented as stamped with the dollar mark. When White's term expires he will be tried for having "destroyed and desecrated" an American flag. In this second trial he will have nine comrades. The case grows out of an international ceremony held the night before White's trial. On that occasion the flags of nine countries, including that of the U. S. A., were burned in a melting pot from which was then drawn the international banner of blood red.

There may have been a time when the American flag stood for freedom of conscience and political justice, though even that is doubtful. Today the flag stands only for exploitation and militarism. It is the emblem of prostituted justice and greedy capitalism. It waves proudly over the tents of Ludlow, where women and children of striking miners are burned alive by hired gunmen protected by the American flag. It is the symbol of the subtlest enslavement in the name of democracy and of the most intense exploitation of labor that the world has ever seen. The very fact that men are sent to prison for "desecrating" a rag proves that there is no freedom of conscience under that flag.

No decent man or woman can respect the symbol of such tyranny.

Anent the Cloakmakers' Strike

Alexander Berkman

FOR over two months the Cloakmakers' Union of New York has been involved in a life-and-death struggle with the Manufacturers' Protective Association. The Union is virtually fighting for its very existence: the right of the workers to maintain the closed shop principle and to collectively bargain for the terms of their employment.

In strikes of this character the employers make a strong bid for public sympathy on the ground that the closed shop principle is anti-libertarian; that it curtails the freedom of the "independent" worker to choose his own master and conditions. Sad to say, the public is often duped by this argument.

It is misleading to speak in the indefinable terms of "right" and "wrong," especially in matters of a socio-economic character. It cannot be denied that the scab has as much "right" to work and live as the union striker. Similarly has the snake the "sacred right" to life and liberty. But we crush the snake, on the ground of *our* equally sacred right to live.

Life, the struggle for existence, is not a matter of right or wrong. It is time to emancipate ourselves from these metaphysical, meaningless concepts. Much fruitless discussion of "the rights of Labor," equal justice," violent methods and similar problems would be obviated, once we realize the actual character of the struggle. Nature knows neither right nor wrong. It knows only forces—harmonious or antagonistic, as the case may be. Was the storm "right" in devastating the forest? Was the lightning "wrong" in destroying that beautiful young tree? Or the sunshine and rain "right and moral" in coaxing forth new life from the debris of the dead?

No less meaningless are ethical concepts applied to the hungry stomach. That is why our ideas of "right" and "justice," with their bastard brood of "legality," "crime," and punishment are a most vicious perversion of the very essence of life and struggle for existence.

Progress consists in the inter-play of man's destructive and constructive tendencies; the elemental tendencies developed by —and in their turn furthering—the struggle for existence. In order to survive, man had to eliminate or destroy every factor inimical to his wellbeing. The beasts of the forest are no more where man's foot has trod. He also had to protect himself against inimical or dangerous forces of nature—lightning, storm, cold and the like. The need of such protection against a *common* danger developed co-operation and solidarity among men. It called into action his *constructive* tendencies and enabled him to protect himself against forces he could not eliminate or destroy.

The constructive and destructive tendencies of man were *not* antagonistic. In fact, both were expressions of the identical instinct of self-preservation; both served a common purpose.

With the growing security of man, as against inimical environment or natural forces, the demands upon his destructive activity are decreasing, with the corresponding increase of opportunity to apply himself constructively.

The social struggle is characterized by the same tendencies: the destructive and constructive activities of man. *Destructive* toward forces and conditions inimical to our growth and life; *constructive* toward circumstances and elements that further our purposes.

The class struggle—the fight of Labor against Capital—is founded on the very same conditions. It is inherent in the individual struggle for existence and in the *modus operandi* of our social and economic arrangements. A sane society, by eliminating individual and class antagonisms, would further and strengthen the constructive instinct of man and thus develop ever increasing co-operation and solidarity. Society as at present constituted, with its artifically created and multiplied antagonisms, cultivates the destructive tendencies of man.

Conditions of wage slavery have forced upon the workers destructive activity toward everything inimical to their well-being and improvement. On the other hand, the same conditions are calling into being greater constructive effort on the basis of a common interest. Hence the growing solidarity of Labor, in the degree that the toilers realize their community of interest. Thus in the Labor struggle are reflected and manifest the very tendencies that have characterized the whole march of man's development:

1. Destruction activity toward inimical environment and antagonistic forces.
2. Constructive, solidaric co-operation with elements and factors of harmonious, common interest.

Capitalism has forced upon the workers the necessity of combined action among themselves, as against those inimical to their interests. The individual worker is absolutely helpless in the face of the strongly organized employers. As the latter are constructive within the sphere of their own interest and destructive toward Labor, so also the workers must practice similar activities within the area of *their* interests. Hence Labor's growing solidarity on the basis of common interest. Hence also the necessity of eliminating every obstacle in Labor's path, the destruction of every factor inimical to the maintenance and improvement of Labor. Therefore the bitter struggle between striker and scab. Therefore also the vital need of the closed shop. It is made imperative, hence justified, by the character of the Labor struggle.

The cloakmakers of New York are fighting one of the battles of humanity, of progress. At the cost of much suffering and privation they are heroically maintaining the principle of wonderful solidarity among the thousands directly involved in the struggle, and firmly presenting a determined front against the forces that threaten to destroy them.

Upon the victory of the cloakmakers depends to a considerable degree the resultant economic and social wellbeing of great masses in the East. It is one of the important battles in the universal war of the masses against the classes that will ultimately result in the destruction of social class divisions and thus abolish the great economic strife. Then—then only—will the human energy now forced to be destructive be released for constructive purposes and a tremendous impetus added to man's constructive, harmonious efforts toward Life and Progress.

The State is the only institution that compels a man to kill his fellowmen. In the name of law and order.

* * *

LAW is the most narrowing and the most degrading of all professions. All human law is a system of fossilized injustice, and the habitual study of it only demoralizes. There is not enough of thought or principle in our whole system of law to occupy a man of intellect for an hour; all the rest is mere chicanery and injustice.

—H. F. Durant

HELPFUL PROTEST AGAINST THE POSTAL SUPPRESSION

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In the Words of Shaw

THE main reason why I do not make our British voters happy in M. Saintyves' fashion is that I do not want to make them happy. I want to make them howl, to drive them to rend their hearts and not their garments; to see them heap ashes on their silly heads whilst they confess in the dust, with humble and contrite hearts, that, though they may buy victory with their blood and iron, they deserve defeat and even extermination, and have no plea to offer against that doom except that the Germans deserve no less. For just consider how I must feel about it. I read in the *Times* Lord Curzon's demand for the suppression of the Derby on the ground that it is unbecoming to have "junketings" in the face of bereavements and wounds and death. I asked Lord Curzon whether he supposes that there has been a single Derby run during his lifetime, or a single junketing of any description, that has not been held in the teeth of the most abominable socially preventable evils, including child mortality, compulsory prostitution, artificially produced vice disease, degradation, suffering, squalor, fraud, violence, famine, battle, murder and sudden death. Mr. Sidney Webb offers to put an end to British unemployment and destitution, with their infinite loss and demoralization, for a paltry couple of million pounds. Sir Horace Plunkett offers to quadruple the produce of the Irish soil, and thereby avert the land and labor war that is hanging over Ireland, at a cost of three thousand pounds a year for technical education in agriculture. They might as well ask for the sun and the stars. No mother sends her son to live for England. No father shakes his son's hand and says: "I wish I were young enough to stand beside you in the fight for a decent country to live in." Yet, for this senseless, suicidal slaughter of civilization in Flanders and Poland, this illusory hatred, this monstrous fruit of selfish, lazy apathy, soothed by huge doses of falsehood, we are putting down thousands of millions of pounds eagerly; and the mothers and fathers are sending their sons to kill and die, to maim and be maimed, because none of them took as much thought and care for the welfare of Europe as for the shininess of their boots. And now that we are waked up at last, our first step is to cut off all the little grants-in-aid that a few struggling reformers have managed to procure for our social needs, and to sweep them into the till of the armament contractor. This is what it costs to make a Briton serious. We are more callous than Tartars or Hottentots. With them, a few dozen heads chopped off and piled in the middle of the street, and a few girls buried alive under the door post of the king, produce public seriousness enough for a whole reign. But we must have thirty thousand men in the flower of their youth bayoneted and smashed and shattered and pierced and blinded and deafened with inconceivable violence every morning for months before we can feel really fine and thrill with admiration of ourselves. Even then, our notion of rising to the occasion is to applaud the gentlemen who write to the papers calling on me to cease frivoling and flatter them.

Indecent Exposure

R. S.

THERE is no more instructive spectacle than that of a marionette which has been performing for the edification of the curious, suddenly turning turtle and falling clean off the hinge of artifice which has been supporting it. Even if you have known the thing wasn't real, there is still a shock in seeing what appears to have vigor and motion come to a sudden halt.

This time it isn't a tramp who has executed the stunt unspeakable; it isn't a poor, old, tattered, bug-bonneted derelict. The act wasn't committed in a park, or in an alleyway, or in a vacant lot, or on a crowded street-car platform. It was done by *wire*, in the sight of the interested and indifferent, to the tune of words embellished with that well-known signature—"T. R."—the very same person who has told us what honor is; who has defined "virtue" till little remains of it but the "chew"; who has warned us that the only test of character is to stand up when the fuse begins to sizzle; and that the man who wouldn't fight — if by accident tobacco juice flew in his eye — is an earthworm, a mollycoddle and a meaningless mockery.

All these things have been told to us by our most famous animal killer, the human Blowout, of Oyster Bay. He has spoken in such terms that even children knew what he meant; and it is a safe wager that many a poor lad, who wasn't equipped with a yellow suit and a pop-gun, has blubbered his envious soul away in some dark corner of disappointment.

This man not only made word pictures of what it meant to be brave, but he showed himself in moving pictures, seated on a dead lion, musket in hand, with not another person in sight — not even the camera man; showed us himself coming out of the South American jungle with an army of black men carrying spears (and his luggage), ready at a moment's notice to fell even a tree that threatened to fall in the Intrepid One's way.

Of course, people admired such an exhibition of personal pluck. Hadn't he all the earmarks of a Leader? Hadn't he autographed his acts with such touches of valor as no seeing person could resist? Here was a man to liberate the multitude, a really great man, who would swing his club in the very eye teeth of oppressive rule.

Then there was a Convention, and yearning groups of hand-clapping Concurrers shook the air in their impatience to help place this personage on the public platter. There was never a question in the minds of one of these overwrought proponents but that their idol would stand right up in the middle of the square and battle till the last enemy lay stark in his path.

But did the redoubtable one answer the call? Did he? He did, but not in line with Expectations, hidden in the breasts of his votaries.

This Leading Actor, this Clown of Climaxes (who carried dishes fastened to a tray), when expected to stand by his following, did two things — two Other things:

First, as soon as he espied that Whiskers were the thing to win the Ringmaster's notice, he suggested that that pillar of plutocratic propriety, Henry Cabot Lodge, be given place. Failing in this suggestion, he sent a telegram to his own flock, which in substance, read:

> "Count me out. The man with the whip didn't come to my ring; and I can't make this horse go unless I hear that old familiar crack."

The Fearless One! Theodore, the Weakling Smasher! Teddy, who presented more bones to the Smithsonian Institute than any other living skeleton gatherer! He, the Brave One, has done this thing!

Thus fall the rubber Gods, who can persuade four million people to sign a ballot and never feel a puncture!

Mr. Smoot, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Barnes and Chauncey — dear, old "Conventional" Chauncey, et al.: There's one thing about your crew: They stand for something, and it isn't a conundrum. What you are is written in the very air that evaporates. Your color is bad. You are purple to the roots. Still, at that (politically), I don't know but what you are to be preferred to the Reformation Syndicate which topples in a heap when one of its members loses his footing.

It's pretty hard to choose between rummies, but if we must, the writer prefers the brand that shows its stripes and gives a marksman a chance to do something with his gun.

Young Folks

TELL me a story, papa."
"What shall I tell you?"
"About the porcupine."

"Suppose I tell you a new one, about Noah and the Ark?"

"Noah?"

"Yes."

"Who was Noah?"

"I'll tell you about it."

"All right, tell about Noah."

Settles himself comfortably in his father's lap and listens.

"Once upon a time a long time ago, all the people on the earth were so bad that the Lord decided to destroy all of them but Noah."

"Why, what did they do?"

"Oh, they were bad."

"Well, what did they do bad?"

"They did all kinds of bad things."

"Like the East Bottoms boys?"

"Yes, and worse."

"Did the policemen come after them?"

"Yes."

"And did they take away the policemen's clubs?"

"Yes, and a lot of other bad things. Keep still now and let me tell you the story."

"Did they take away the policemen's stars?"

"Yes, and so the Lord——"

"Did the policemen put them in the jail house?"

"Yes, yes; you keep quiet now and I'll tell you all about it. And so the Lord said he would send a big rain and drown all the people but Noah and his family."

Boy jerks upward into sitting position and asks earnestly:

"Drown them?"

"Yes, drown them."

"In the river?"

"No, not in the river, drown them with a big rain."

"Pour water on 'em?"

"No, no; the big rain came down for forty days and forty nights and the water rose until it covered the earth."

"And floated this house away?"

"No, not this house. This house wasn't built then."

"Well, when is it going to do it?"

"It did do it a long, long time ago. The Lord told Noah to build a big ship and take his family in there and two of every animal on the earth. And he did, two elephants, two lions, two tigers——"

"And two bears?"

"Yes, two bears, and——"

"And two mousies?"

"Yes, and two——"

"And did the bears eat the mousies?"

"No, no."

"Well, why didn't they?"

"Noah put them in different rooms."

"Oh, papa, where did you hear that story?"

"I read it in the Bible. Now lie still and listen or I won't tell it. And Noah put all the animals in it and then the Lord sent the big rain and the water came up and came up, and covered all the earth and drowned all the people except Noah and his family."

"All the babies, too?"

"Yes, everybody."

"The little babies?"

"Yes."

"And their mammas?"

"Yes."

"The Lord's a bad man, isn't he, papa?"

"No, no, child, the Lord is the good man up in the sky. Don't you know? You pray to him every night. Now listen. And so it rained and the water came up until it floated Noah's ark away."

"Floated it away?"

"Yes."

"Did it break in two?"

"No, it just floated on the water."

"And was Noah in it?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't all the people get in?"

"Noah wouldn't let them."

"Noah was a mean man, wasn't he?"

"No, he was a good man."

"No, sir, he was mean, and the Lord was mean, too. Didn't he drown the little babies and their mammas?"

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do."

"What?"

"You lie still and I'll tell you about the porcupine."—Ex.

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